

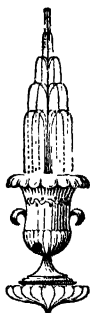
Forget Me Not :

A Token of Love and Friendship.

LONDON :

W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.

MDCCLIV.



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Forget Me Not.

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET not, oh forget not me,
I ne'er shall cease to think on thee,
Oh never, never!
While yet the lifeblood warms these veins,
While yet my lyre pours forth its strains,
For thee that lyre its lays repeat,
And never finds a theme more sweet,
Oh never, never!

By all those wondrous charms of thine,
By thy soft heart destroy not mine,
Oh never, never!
By the dark glances of thine eye,
By thy sweet smile's bland witchery,
By all those shining locks which rest
Upon thy gentle heaving breast,
Like halcyons on their billowy nest,
Oh never, never!

Forget not, oh forget not truth
And plighted vows of earliest youth.

Oh never, never!

A heart that fondly trusted thee,
Blessings breathed oft and fervently,
Thoughts ever studious thine to please,
And folded hands and bended knees,
Forget not, oh forget not these,

Oh never, never!

ANON.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

My baby! my poor little one; thou'st come a
winter flower,—

A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly
hour;

Thou comest with the snow-drop—ard, like that
pretty thing,

The power that called my boy to life, will shield
its blossoming.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves, to fold
her safe and warm,

Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and weathers
out the storm:

I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long, but
well I know

The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let
thee go!

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still!—hangs
 down her fair young head,
 So thine may droop in days to come, when I have
 long been dead;
 And yet the little snow-drop's safe! from her in-
 struction seek,
 For who would crush the motherless, the lowly,
 and the meek!
 Yet motherless thou'lt not be long—not long in
 name, my life!
 Thy father soon will bring him home, another,
 fairer wife;
 Be loving, dutiful, to her;—find favour in her
 sight;
 But never, oh my child? forget thine own poor
 mother quite.

But who will speak to thee of her?—the grave-
 stone at her head
 Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of
 the dead!
 But not a word of all the love—the mighty love
 for thee,
 That crowded years into an hour of brief ma-
 ternity.
 They'll put my picture from its place, to fix ano-
 ther there—
 That picture that was thought so like, and yet so
 passing fair!
 Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee
 call thine own—
 Oh! take it there to look upon, when thou art all
 alone!—

To breathe thine early¹ griefs unto—if such assail
 my child;
 To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not
 so mild.
 Alas! unconscious little one! thou'lt never know
 the best,
 That holiest home of all the earth, a living mo-
 ther's breast!

I do repent me now too late, of each impatient
 Thought,
 That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as
 I ought;
 I've been too hasty, peevish, proud,—I longed to
 go away;
 And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not
 let me stay.

Thou'lt have thy father's eyes, my child!—oh!
 once how kind they were!
 His long black lashes—his own smile, and just
 such raven hair;—
 But here's a mark—poor innocent—he'll love thee
 for't the less,
 Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his lips were
 wont to press.

And yet, perhaps I do him wrong—perhaps,
 when all's forgot
 But our young loves, in memory's mood,—he'll
 kiss this very spot.

Oh, then, my dearest ! c'ldstp thine arm about his
neck full fast,
And whisper that I' blessed him now, and loved
him to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by smiles and
signs,
With the guardian band of angels that round about
them shines,
Unseen by grosser senses,—beloved one ! dost
thou,
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and com-
mune with them now ?

Oh ! when I think of what I was, and what I
might have been—
A bride last year,—and now to die ! and I am
scarce nineteen ;—
And just, just opening in my heart a fount of
love so new,
So deep ! could that have run to waste ? could
that have failed me too ?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter
at my side ?
My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all
its pride !
To deck her with my fairest things—with all I've
rich and rare !
To hear it said “How beautiful ! and good as she
is fair ;”

And then to place the marriage crown upon that
bright young brow !

Oh no ! not that—'tis full of thorns ; alas I'm
wandering now.

This weak, weak head ! this foolish heart ! they'll
cheat me to the last,

I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life
is past.

And hast thou not one look for me ? those little
restless eyes

Are wandering, wandering everywhere, the while
thy mother dies ;—

And yet—perhaps thou'rt seeking me, expecting
me, mine own !

Come, Death, and make me to my child at least
in spirit known !

C. BOWLES.

CONSOLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

LET them fall, these sad tears ; let them silently
fall

On the pitiless path that I tread,
Where's the loved pious hand would have dried
them up all,

Or the bosom to pillow my head ?

Let them fall like the win on the cold rocky strand,
 With a dull and a fruitless rebound,
 That no zephyr's light pinion in frolic hath fann'd,
 No sunbeam hath kissed from the ground.

For what to the heart of my cold brother man
 Is this poor breaking heart that I bear?
 Too far from my grief its deep anguish to scan,
 Too high to look down on my care.

But oh! may their eyes never weep such sad tears,
 Nor their sky be o'er cast like my own;
 May their future glide on in bright hopes without
 fears,
 And let mine be the gall-cup alone!

May the glittering crowds I have seen all depart
 With a smile (though they looked upon me,)
 Never feel the deep want of that word to the heart,
 That whispers, "I am weeping with thee."

No longer can I then for sympathy turn
 To man, who resists its demands;
 Let me cherish my grief, let my joy be to mourn,
 And thus bury my face in my hands.

In that hour when my heart in its solitude weeps,
 And its funeral mantle comes on,
 And when none of its once loved possessions it
 keeps,
 Save its weeds for the last hope that's gone:

When friendship herself turns aside from the path
 Where together we often had stray'd,
 And pierces the heart like the hollow reed staff,
 Where the hand was too trustfully laid :

And when from our sorrow's contagion men go,
 Too feeble to lend us relief,
 And we silently walk in our pathway of wo,
 Face to face and alone with our grief :

When the future has lost the last charm that could
 make
 The lorn spirit desire a to morrow,
 And when every morsel of bread that we take
 Is moisten'd with tear drops of sorrow :

'Tis then through the desolate silence I hear
 Thy voice, O my God ! speaking rest :
 Thy hand can alone raise the weight of dull fear
 That lies chilly and cold at my breast.

Then I feel that no words like thy words have the
 power
 The wild flood of my grief to control ;
 From them consolation is pour'd in that hour,
 When all others have ceased to console.

And when I am drawn as a friend to thy breast,
 Thine arms everlasting around,
 The world cannot know the sweet rapture of rest,
 The happiness there to be found,

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

THEY say we are too young to love—
 Too wild to be united;
 In scorn they bid us both renounce
 The fond vows we have plighted.
 They send thee forth to see the world,
 Thy love by absence trying;
 Then go; for I can smile farewell—
 Upon thy truth relying.

I know that pleasure's hand will throw
 Her silken nets about thee;
 I know how lonesome I shall find
 The long, long days without thee.
 But in thy letters there'll be joy;
 The reading—the replying;
 I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee—
 Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
 In silent rapture gazing;
 And, oh! how proud of being loved
 By her they have been praising!
 But should detraction breathe thy name,
 The world's reproof defying,
 I'll love thee—laud thee—trust thee still—
 Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part
 Shall see us meet with wonder ;
 Such trials only make the heart
 That truly loves grow fonder.
 Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
 When with each other vyeing,
 Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
 Upon thy truth relying.

T. H. BAYLY.

'TWERE BETTER TO PART.

I FEEL that thou art changed to me,
 And would a happier lot were mine ;
 Yet deem'd I not such change could be
 In heart that vowed to love like thine.
 I know thou wouldst not have me feel
 The anguish of a parting sigh ;
 • Yet vain thine efforts to conceal
 That we are changed—both you and I,

I know my voice hath lost its spell,
 I know my song can charm no more ;
 Thy few but saddened glances tell—
 Love's sweet but fatal dream is o'er.
 Some other now hath won thine heart,
 On whom thy hopes will now rely—
 'Twere better then that we should part,
 And part for ever—you and I.

I. P. KNIGHT.

REVERIE.

'Tis starlight, and the full orb'd moon
 Is rising o'er the distant hills,
 Where Solitude-- Night's sister twin—
 Keeps watch above the rills ;
 And as the evening breeze sweeps by,
 And stirs among the listless leaves,
 My watchful fancy once again
 Strange visitors receives.

The Past !—as from their cerements,
 At the bare thought, I see arise
 A spectral host, and faces come
 That once did glad mine eyes,
 And from them steps an airy form,
 Bedecked by every childish grace,
 And smiling gently on me, lays
 Her cheek upon my face.

Fair sprite ! my truest friend thou wert,
 When others coldly turned away,
 For thou couldst always bear with me,
 When I was led astray ;
 My sorrows gave thee equal pain,
 And every thought I shared with thee,
 Till Death grew envious of thy smile,
 And bore thee hence from me.

And thou !—the playmate of my youth—
 Whose care-worn face and sparkling eye
 Marked thee Consumption's victim—doomed
 In life's gay dawn to die'—
 Methinks, as thou wert wont of yore,
 Thou draw'st thy wasted arm through mine,
 And through the woodland paths we stroll,
 As in the good "lang sync."

Each flower that bloomed beside the path
 Brought to our minds some pleasant thought,
 Each gently drooping spinglet there
 With music strange was fraught;
 Each sunbeam that came straggling through
 The interlacing boughs above,
 Seemed as an emblem of our lives,
 Within that charmed grove !



Old friend !—I do remember well
 • Thy stooping form and silvery hair,
 As stepping from the fertile mould,
 Thou standest trembling there.
 Each well-meant lesson thou didst teach
 Return's on Memory's rapid wings,
 And every wrinkle on thy brow
 Some dear remembrance brings.

My old preceptor, too !—so kind
 To all my childish faults !—I view
 Thy straightened form, and sudden rise
 Virgil and Cicero;

The task-book, thumbed from first to last,
 And scored with many an idle mark,
 Recalleth many a problem deep,
 And many a puzzle dark :

Ye are all here ! the sainted ones
 Who watched my steps with anxious care,
 And some who were not quite so kind
 Unto my faults as others were ;
 And brooding thus o'er days gone by,
 My o'erwrought brain grows young again,
 And once more boyhood's careless glee
 Holds undisputed reign.

ANON.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY WHOSE MOTTO WAS,
 "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

When "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
 Among a band of Brothers,
 The cup of joy goes gaily round,
 Each shares the bliss of others ;
 Sweet roses grace the thorny way
 Along this vale of sorrow ;
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
 Shall bloom again to-morrow.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are truly "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
 Life's cruel cares beguiling;
 Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
 In gay good humour smiling;
 With ermine beard and forelock grey,
 His reverend front adorning,
 He looks like winter turn'd to May,
 Night soften'd into morning.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

From these, delightful fountains flow,
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure;
 Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
 A more resplendent treasure;
 Adorned with gems so richly bright,
 We'll form a constellation,
 Where every star, with modest light,
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

MONIGOMERY.

A LONG WHILE AGO.

Still hangeth down the old accustom'd willow
 Hiding the silver underneath each leaf—
 So drops the long hair from some maiden pillow
 When midnight heareth the else silent grief;

There floats the water lily, like a sovereign
 Whose lovely empire is a fairy world,
 The purple dragon fly above it hovering.
 As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd
 A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music winging
 From the wild thyme where they have pass'd
 noon—
 There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,
 Stirring the white spray with the same sweet
 tune;
 Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadows,
 As the west wind bends down the long green
 grass,
 Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadows
 Of the light clouds pass as they were wont to pass
 A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather,
 To bind a young fair brow, no longer fair;
 Ah! thou art mocking us, thou summer weather,
 To be so sunny, with the loved one there?
 'Tis not her voice—'tis not her step - that lingers
 In lone familiar sweetness on the wind;
 The bee, the bird, are now the only singers—
 Where is the music once with theirs combined
 A long while ago?

As the lorn flowers that in her pale hands perish'd,
 Is she who only hath a memory here,
 She was so much a part of us, so cherish'd,
 So young that even love forgot to fear.

Now is her image paramount, it reigneth
 With a sad strength that time may not subdue ;
 And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,
 As the slow looks we cast around renew,
 A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden ! where the summer covers
 The tree with green leaves and the ground with
 flowers ;
 Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers —
 The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
 It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
 Of nature's changeless loveliness, and feel
 That, with the sunshine round, the heart is
 dreaming
 Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal,
 A long while ago.

Ah ! visit not the scenes where youth and child-
 hood
 Pass'd years that deepen'd as those years went by ;
 Shadows will darken in the careless wildwood—
 There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.
 Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander
 Beneath the brooding boughs of each old tree :
 I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder
 Things that are not—and yet that used to be
 A long while ago.

Worn out—the heart seems like a ruin'd altar—
 Where are the friends, and where the faith of
 yore ?
 My eyes grow dim with tears—my footsteps falter—
 Thinking of those whom I can love no more.

We change, and others change—while recollection
 Would fain renew what it can but recal ;
 Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,
 And cold its hopes—and yet I felt them all
 A long while ago.
 L. E. L.

WHO WOULD RECAL THE PAST?

Who would recal the past?—Not I, not I!
 Though I have worn some smiles as well as
 tears,
 Though dim the moments now before me lie,
 Amidst the coming crowd of stranger years.

Who would recal the past?—the ardent thrill
 Of early hope—ambition's daring flight,
 Before the flower has left life's withering chill—
 Before the moth has seared it at the light?

The chill has fallen upon us all! Whose wings
 Have not been scorched, by soaring to the
 blaze?
 Earth—earth, its cold and tomblike shadow flings
 Across the sunshine of our brightest days.

And all that ever in the past were dear,
 Weighed down by heavier sorrows, kick the
 beam,
 The smile still leaves, sad progeny, a tear,
 While our best hopes with disappointments teem.

Who would recal the past? — Not I, not I!
 Nor fear the fate, nor murmur at the doom;
 Life lies before us still—and still shall lie,
 E'en when we reach the barrier of the tomb.

What though the brow be wrinkled, the hands
 shake,
 The dark-brown locks grow whiter than the
 snow!
 Man's heart the sunshine of his life may make,
 And brighten age with summer's evening glow.

On! On upon the allotted course before!
 No toil, but glory, find we in the race;
 On calm eternity's unmeasured shore,
 The golden goal marks out our resting place.

Fame—too—when good no unsubstantial prize—
 May hang the laurel on my weary brow,
 And kindred hands may close the drowsy eyes,
 And lay me low, with those I love e'en now.

A name in history—a space in time—
 A good example given before we die—
 Some deed remembered—or some word sublime,
 May yet be won—and it is worth the sigh.

The past is dead, and o'er its dust we raise
 Vain sepulchres! The moments yet to fly
 Are our best friends—joy to the coming days!
 Who would recal the past?—not I, not I!

ANON.

TO MARY.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight!
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn,
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too,
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman,—nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit, still and bright
 With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

TO A SISTER.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
 Of those around, thy homage pay;
 But wilt thou never kindly deign
 To think of him that's far away?
 Thy form, thine eye, thy angel smile,
 For many years I may not see:
 But wilt thou not, sometimes the while,
 My sister, dear, remember me?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
 Surrounded by the gay and fair,
 And thou the fairest of them all—
 Oh! think not, think not of me there,
 But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
 And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
 And all is silent, still, and lone,
 And thou art sad, remember me. . .

Remember me, I pray—but not
 In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
 When every brake hath found its mate,
 And sunshine smiles in every flower :
 But when the falling leaf is scar,
 And withers sadly from the tree,
 And o'er the ruins of the year,
 Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but not to join,
 If haply some thy friend should praise,
 'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
 To echo what the stranger says.
 They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
 Some faithful friend of me and thee,
 Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
 My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
 To tones of festal week-day joy,
 Till then it were not kind or meet
 That thought thy pleasure should alloy ;
 But on the sacred solemn day,
 And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
 When thou for those thou lov'st doth pray,
 Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
 On thee for ever, ever dwell,
 With anxious heart, and drooping eye,
 And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell!

But in thy calm unclouded heart,
 Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
 Go there, my sister, be my part,
 And kindly there remember me.

EVERETT.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

BIRD of the wild and wondrous song,
 I hear thy rich and varied voice,
 Swelling the greenwood depths among,
 Till hill and vale the while rejoice !
 Spell bound, entranced in rapture's chain,
 I list to that inspiring strain !
 I thread the forest's tangled maze
 The thousand choisters to see,
 Who mingled thus their voices raise
 In that delicious minstrelsy ;
 I search in vain each pause between—
 The choral band is still unseen !

'Tis but the music of a dream—
 An airy sound that mocks the ear—
 But hark again ! the eagle's stream,
 It rose and fell distinct and clear !
 And list — in yonder hawthorn bush,
 The red bird, robin and the thrush !
 Lost in amaze I look around,
 Nor thrush, nor eagle there behold—
 But still that rich, aerial sound,
 Like some forgotten song of old,

That o'er the heart has held control,
Falls sweetly on the ravished soul !

And yet the woods are vocal still—
The air is musical with song—
O'er the near stream—above the hill—
The wildering notes are borne along !
But whence that gush of rare delight ?
And what art thou ? or bird or sprite !
Perch'd on yon maple's topmost bough,
With glancing wings and restless feet,
Bird of untiring throat, art thou
Sole songster in this concert sweet !
So perfect, full, and rich each part,
It mocks the highest reach of art !

Once more, once more, that thrilling strain !
Ill omen'd owl, be mute. be mute !
Thy native notes I hear again,
More sweet than harp or lover's lute ;
Compared with thy impassioned tale,
How cold, how lame, the nightingale !
Alas ! capricious in thy power—
Thy "wood fote wild" again is fled—
The mimic rules the changeful hour,
And all the "soul of song" is dead !
But no—to every borrow'd tone,
He lends a sweetness all his own !

On glittering wing, erect and bright,
With arrowy speed he darts aloft,
As tho' his soul had ta'en its flight,
In that last strain so sad and soft,

And he would call it back to life,
 To mingle in the mimic strife!
 And ever, to each fitful lay

His frame in restless motion wheels,
 As tho' he would, indeed, essay
 To act the ecstasy he feels---
 As though his very feet kept time
 To that inimitable chime!

And ever, as the rising moon
 Climbs with full orb the trees above
 He sings his most enchanting tune,
 While echo wakes through all the grove;
 His descant soothes, in care's despite,
 The weary watches of the night;
 The sleeper from his couch starts up
 To listen to that lay forlorn—
 And he who quaffs the midnight cup
 Looks out to see the purpling morn!
 O! ever in the merry spring,
 Sweet mimic, let me hear thee sing!

ANON.



THOUGHTS OF A DEAF AND DUMB BOY

ON OBSERVING HIS SISTER PLAYING UPON THE
PIANO-FORTE.

SISTER, I would have thee tell
(But, alas ! I ne'er can know)
What doth make thy bosom swell,
And thine eye to brighten so,
When thy nimble fingers play
Upon that instrument so long ?
The sounds are beautiful, you say,
And rapture is the child of song.

But what is sound, that it can bring
Such sweet emotion to the breast ?
Oh, sound must be a lovely thing.
It makes thee, sister, seem so blest.
And yet, in vain I look for aught
That can such thrilling joy impart ;
Is music, then, a nameless thought
That holds communion with the heart ?

Or is it real—a thing that may
Be known to sense of sight or touch ?
Ah ! whither would conjecture stray ;
'Tis vain—I only know this much—
That it is beautiful ; but where,
On earth below or heaven above,
Shall aught be found so pure and fair,
That may the soul so strongly move ?

I've seen the broad and fiery sun
 Arising from the deep green sea,
 And again, when day was done,
 Streaking heaven's far canopy
 With a glorious crimson fringe,
 As gorgeously he sunk to rest,
 Purpling ocean with the tinge
 Of his brilliant fading crest;

And then, delighted, I have gazed,
 As on a vision's scene of bliss,
 And all my thoughts were heavenward raised;
 Is music, sister, aught like this?
 And oh! the beautiful star-lit sky,
 Sparkling rich in blue and bright,
 Is, surely, full of harmony;
 Is sound so lovely as its light?

And when the pale moon's silvery beams
 Upon the stream and streamlet play,
 Surpassing beautiful it seems;
 Is this like music, sister, say?
 Alas! alas! it cannot be;
 Methinks that look of rapture now—
 That passion gaze of ecstasy—
 That skyward lifted brow—

Defies my vain conjectures all;
 To me that fount of joy is seal'd—
 Its influence ne'er on me shall fall,
 Nor e'en to fancy be reveal'd.

Yet shall I not displeased behold
 The pleasure 'tis not mine to know;
 My sister's joy can ne'er unfold
 To this fond heart a source of woe.

J. W.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade,
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed the pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined am'rous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear,

My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS.

THE WALL FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall flower,
 How beautiful it blooms!
 It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
 Like sunlight over tombs;
 It sheds a halo of repose
 Around the wrecks of Time;—
 To beauty give the flaunting rose,
 The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
 Gray ruin's golden crown!
 That lendest melancholy grace
 To haunts of old renown:

3

Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed :
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in wars stormy day,
The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
In battle's grim array :
The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red—
But thou art blooming still.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave ?
Yon dark sepulchral yew trees stand
O'er many a level grave ;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze,
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower,
 Thou conjurest up to me
 Full many a soft and sunny hour
 Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
 When joy from out the daisies grew,
 In woodland pastures green,
 And summer skies were far more blue
 Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
 Amid the yellow bowers,
 The robin is the regal bird,
 And thou the Queen of Flowers!
 He sings on the laburnum trees,
 Amid the twilight dim,
 And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
 Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
 The rose is summer's guest;
 Bland are thy charms when these decay,
 Of flowers, first, last, and best!
 There may be gaudier in the bower,
 And statelier on the tree,
 But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
 Thou art the flower for me!

PROFESSOR WILSON.



SCENES OF YOUTH.

SWEET scenes of youth, to memory dear,
 Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,
 When in the soften'd light of summer skies,
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise,
 Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !
 I come to trace your soothing haunts again,—
 To mark each grace that pleased my stripling
 prime,
 By absence hallowed, and endeared by time;
 To lose amid your winding dells the past—
 Ah ! must I think this lingering look the last ?
 Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view !
 How soft ye smiled when Nature's charms were
 new !
 Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
 And every opening grace had power to charm ;
 While, as each scene in living lustre rose,
 Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

Even as I muse, my former life returns,
 And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
 Like music melting in a lover's dream,
 I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream.
 The crisping rays that on the waters lie,
 Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;
 While, through the inverted alder boughs below,
 The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

As every prospect opens on my view,
 I seem to live departed years anew ;
 When, in these wilds, a jocund, sportive child,
 Each flower, self-sown, my heedless hours beguiled ;
 The wabiet-leaf, that by the pathway grew,
 The wild-brier rose of pale and blushful hue,
 The thistle's rolling wheel of silken down,
 The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
 The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
 That like a living pea-flower skimmed the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,
 Where oft at eve I wont to muse alone,
 And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,
 To count the gems that stud the nightly sky ;
 Or think, as playful fancy wandered far,
 How sweet it were to dance from star to star !
 Again I view each rude romantic glade,
 Where once with tiny steps my footsteps strayed,
 To watch the foam bells of the bubbling brook,
 Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,
 Who saw her nest, close thatched with ceaseless
 toil,
 At summer eve become the woodman's spoil.

Sweet scenes ! conjoined with all that most
 endears
 The cloudless morning of my tender years ;
 With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
 And, wandering, feel myself the child no more :
 Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same ;
 But sad the tear which lost affection claims.

LEYDEN.

FOREST ANTHEM.

THE sun hath westward glided o'er the tops
Of the dark mountain pines ; his golden tints
Are slowly blending with the hue of night,
And broadly are the shadows of the trees
Grotesquely length'ning upon the ground.
The winding forest path seems, in the sun's
Last rays, like to some vast cathedral aisle,
Stretching away in airy shadowiness.
The locked and gnarled boughs, that high o'er
head

Flung wildly their broad Titan arms across,
Do form the fretted roof, its pillars being
The massive trunks of the strong oak and pine.
The stars are leaping into glowing beauty
Within the filmy haze above, and seem
Like spangles in some cerulean banner :
And calmly sailing is the beauteous moon
Among yon burning orbs, all joining in,
The deep and silent melody of nature ;
Upon the ocean dance those glowing lights,
And lighting up full many a fathom deep,
The fairy palaces and coral groves
That far beneath its heaving bosom lie.

Hark ! now begins the thrilling Forest Anthem
Wondrously sweet, the melancholy winds
Sob out their greeting to the night, and pass
In rich and ringing music o'er the trees.

Sweet are its murmurs dying in far distance,
 With sighs as gentle as the Southern breeze
 Sweeps o'er a bed of flowers and the pines
 Bend down their crested tops, like nodding
 plumes

On the dark hearse of death, as tho' they mourned
 The cold unshrouded grave of those whose bones
 Are mouldering within its solitudes.

It fills the heart with solemn thoughts and sad !
 Rises the melody again, triumphant
 And heart gladdening, and makes the soul of man
 To leap and to rejoice, and filling him
 With wild and joyous rapture, as he turns
 His high and bared brow unto the blast,
 And waves his arms to the unseen winds, and cries
 " Blow on ! this is a land of liberty ! "

Oh soothing are its turns, rich as the breath
 Of zephyrs playing amid golden harps :—
 The storm's wild music is most beautiful
 As with its gentle breath it waves the flowers.
 And then sweeps on and on, still gathering
 strength,
 Until at last, the Forest is one roar
 Of melody.—And on it rolleth o'er
 The mountain tops, with sound like to the boom
 Of thunder, crashing in the hyaline.

First with a low
 Sweet whisper, the breeze doth onward go
 Touching the silver lined leaves, and tinted edges
 Of the trees, and playing in the waving sedges
 Of the grass below.

The many fingered wind
Plays in the low thick branches, with a kind
Of prelude, in a deep and sombre monotony,
Then mounting upward to the tree tops with a
moan

Sighs the wind.

Solemn the sound
Comes rolling in deep tones along the ground,
Like the hoarse murmur of the sullen surge
Dashing upon the shore, or the sad dirge
Sung o'er the mound,

And now 'tis sighing
Like those deep tones that pain wrings from the
dying
Now sharply rings, like to the sullen knell
That rises from the boding deep death bell
As past 'tis flying.

E. F. R.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

Thou'rt passing hence, my brother,
Oh ! my earliest friend farewell ;
Thou'rt leaving me without my voice,
In a lonely home to dwell ;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother;
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more;
And thou wilt see one holy dead,
The last on earth and main;
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again;

Tell then our friend, of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is filled
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet.
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-haired father,
That, in the paths he trod,
The child he loved the last on earth
Yet walks and worships God.

Say, that his last fond blessing yet
 Rests on my soul like dew,
 And by its hallowing might I trust
 Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
 That on her grave I pour
 The sorrows of my spirit forth,
 As on her breast of yore ;
 Happy thou art that soon, how soon
 Our good and bright will see !
 Oh brother ! brother ! may I dwell,
 Ere long, with them and thee !

HEMANS.

TO HIS LUTE.

My Lute, awake ! perform the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste ;
 And end that I have now begun.
 And when this song is sung and past,
 My Lute be still ! for I have done.

As to be heard where care is none,
 As lead to grave in marble stone ;
 My song may pierce her heart as soon :
 Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?
 No, no, my Lute ! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
 Repulse the waves continually,

As she my suit and affection ;
 So that I am past remedy :
 Whereby, my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got,
 Of simple hearts, through Love's shot,
 By whom, unkind, thou hast them won ;
 Think not he hath his bow forgot,
 Although my Lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
 That mak'st but game on earnest pain ;
 Think not alone, under the sun,
 Unquit, to cause thy Lover's pain,
 Although my Lute and I have done.

May chanced thee lie withered, old,
 In winter nights that are so cold,
 Plaining in vain unto the moon :
 Thy wishes then dare not be told :
 Care then who list, for I have done !

And, then, may chance thee to repent
 The time that thou hast lost and spent,
 To cause thy Lover's sigh and swoon ;
 Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
 And wish and want as I have done.

Now, cease my Lute ! this is my last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste ;
 And ended is that we begun :
 Now is this song both sung and past ;
 My Lute, be still ! for I have done.

LORD ROCHFORD, 1530.

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night!

"No" this morning, sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabours played their best,
Lamps above and laughs below—
Love me, sounded like a jest,
Fit for yes, or fit for no!

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
 Even true as wives of yore—
 And her yes, once said to you,
 Shall be yes for evermore.

BARRETT.

L I N E S

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A
 TOUR.

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the
 length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see
 These hedge rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !

With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant Dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

Those beauteous Forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts,
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,

In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyous daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
 thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And some what of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
 first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led; more like a man
 Flung from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
 To me was all in all—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite—a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,

By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye — That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
 Have followed for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I
 still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;

For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greeting where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let thy misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together and that I so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service ; rather say
With warmer love, Oh ! with far deeper zeal
Or holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these deep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

WORDSWORTH.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip ; —he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spoke a wistful tenderness, —a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy, from that marble brow —
Death gazed and left it there ; —he dared not steal
The signet ring of Heaven.

SIGOURNEY.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

Mother, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweet as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily fleeth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

MRS. GILMAN.

ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence! — Is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath!
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet, —
The pain without the peace of death.

CAMPBELL.

THE SABBATH.

WHAT spell has o'er the populous city past?
The wonted current of its life is stayed;
Its sports, its gainful schemes are earthward cast,
As though their vileness were at once displayed;
The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air
Come holy songs and solemn sounds of prayer.

Far spreads the charm ! from every hamlet spire
 A note of rest, and heavenward thought is pealed ;
 By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire ;
 The toil worn steed basks in the breezy field.
 Within, without, though farm and cottage blest,
 'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.

Down from the mountain dwellings whilst the dew
 Shines on the heath-bells, and the fern is bending
 In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view
 Childhood and age, and buoyant youth descend-
 ing.

God!—who hast piled thy wonders round their
 home
 'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—
 Oh ! many a league from our own happy land ;
 Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain ;
 For there its little isolated band,
 Amid the ocean desert's awful roar
 Praise Him whose love links shore to distant shore.

O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls,
 In the glad islands of the Indian main,
 What thronging crowds the missionary calls
 To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious strain !
 Lo ! where engirt by children of the sun,
 Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce deserts of a distant zone,
 Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,
 A lonely atom, severed from his own,
 The traveller wends, death or renown to earn.
 Parched, fasting, wearied, verging to despair,
 He kneels—he prays, hope kindles in his prayer.

O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies ;

Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings :

Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening
skies ;

The expanding heart from earth's enchantment
springs :

Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban

Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come !

Not in thy terrors clad ;

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;

Thy chastening rod but terrifies

The restless and the bad.

But I recline

Beneath thy shrine,

And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress
twine.

Tho, Fancy flies away

Before thy hallowed tread,

Yet Meditation in her cell,

Hears with faint ear, the ling'ring knell,

That tell her hopes are dead ;

And though the tear

By chance appear,

Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Tho' from hope's summit hurl'd
 Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe were sent from heaven,
 To wean me from the world ;
 To turn mine eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?
 A peevish April day !
 A little sun - a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discuss'd)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is Beauty's power ?
 It flourishes and dies,
 Will the cold earth its silence break,
 And tell how soft how smooth a cheek
 Beneath its surface lies ?
 Mute, mute is all,
 O'er beauty's fall,
 Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her
 pall.

The most lov'd on earth
 Not long survives to-day ;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
 But now 'tis gone away.

Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where rust corrupts, where moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat ?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this trobbing
 heart be still ?

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Thou art not stern to me ;
 Sad monitress ! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee,
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done !
H. K. WHITE.

HOMES AND GRAVES.

How beautiful a world were ours,
 But for the pale and shadowy One
 That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,
 And stalketh in its sun !
 Glad childhood needs the lore of Time

To show the phantom overhead ;
 But where's the breast, before its prime,
 That carried not its dead ?
 The moon that looketh on whose home
 In all its circuit fees no tomb ?

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
 To link the living with the dead :
 Some secret of the soul had taught
 That lesson dark and dread !
 And, oh ! we bear about us still,
 The dreary moral of his art ;
 Some form that lieth, pale and chill,
 Upon each living heart,—
 Tied to the memory, till a wave
 Shall lay them in one common grave !

To Boyhood hope—to Manhood fears !
 Alas ! Alas ! that each bright home
 Should be a nursing place of tears,
 A cradle for the tomb !
 If childhood seeth all things loved
 Where Home's unshadowy shadows wove !
 The old man's treasure hath removed,—
 He looked to the grave ;
 For grave and home lie sadly blent,
 Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years, and then, the Boy
 Shall miss beside the household hearth,
 Some treasure from his store of joy,
 And find it not on earth ;

A shade within its saddened walls
 Shall sit in some beloved's room,
 And *one* dear name, he vainly calls,
 Be written on a tomb;
 And ye have learnt, from all beneath,
 His first, dread, bitter taste of death !

And years glide on, till Manhood's come;
 And where the young, glad faces were,
 Perchance the one bright happy home
 Hath many a vacant chair:
 A darkness, from the church-yard shed,
 Hath fallen on each familiar room,
 And much of all Home's light hath fled,
 To moulder in the tomb;
 And household gifts the Memory saves,
 But help to count the household graves.

Then Homes and Graves the heart divide,
 As they divide the outer world;
 But drearier days must yet betide,
 Ere Sorrow's wings be furled;
 When *more* within the churchyard lie
 Than *not* and sadly smile at home,
 Till Home unto the old man's eye
 Itself appears a Tomb,
 And his tired spirit asks the Grave
 For all the *home* it longs to have!

It shall be so, it shall be so!
 Go bravely trusting—trusting on;
 Bear up a few short years, and lo !
 The Grave and Home are *one* !

And then, the bright ones gone before,
 Within another, happier home,
 Are waiting fonder than' before,
 Until the old man come :
 A Home where but the *life-trees* wave ;
 Like Childhood, it hath not a grave !

T. K. HEAVEY.

FEELING.

FEELING,---what art thou ? wherefore wert thou
 given ?

To be the curse, or bliss, of man below ?
 A shining taper sent from kindly heaven,
 To joy and cheer him, 'midst earth's scenes of
 woe :
 To shed thy genial and softening ray,
 Like sunshine, on his else cold, gloomy way.

Thou art a mystery ; thy mighty spell
 From nature springs, and is unknown to art,
 'Tis potent, quick, and irresistible,---
 As from the deep recesses of the heart
 It springs and shines within the tear gemmed eye,
 The flushed, or pallid cheek, the smile or sigh.

Thou art a monarch ;—for thou holdest sway
 O'er every passion of the human heart, —
 Grief, joy, love, hatred, —all do thee obey ;—
 Each acts subordinate its varied part
 As thou directest : —so thou art the cause
 Of all our pleasures, or of all our woes.

And thou art lowly, —seekest not to dwell
 Among the high born, and the wealthy great ;
 (Though some may strive their vices to conceal,
 With using of thy form ; base counterfeit ;)
 But with the humble and the poor most found,
 Shedding thy halo of affection round.

Oh ! thou art lovely ;—in affliction's hour,
 When care and sorrow do the soul oppress,
 How holy then ! how beauteous is thy power !
 'Tis like the dew upon the parched grass ;
 As, wearing friendship's form, feeling appears
 To soothe our anguish, and to dry our tears.

Yet thou dost change—in the spring tide of youth,
 Thou rushest with impetuosity
 Down the full stream of nature, and of truth ;
 Alas ! neglecting to let reason be
 Thy pilot, how many wreck on error's sands
 Which, glittering, snare young, headstrong, heed-
 less bands.

But as old age creeps on—thou growest calm,
 Thou hast been saddened by the griefs of years ;
 Yet time, that wounds, can also yield a balm ;
 For chastened by its flight feeling appears

Like gold, that in the furnace has been tried,
Refined from every blemish, —purified.

Thou givest pleasure :—oh, how sweet to feel
The power of love ! affection's silken ties ;
And mark the ways in which thou dost reveal
Deep, mutual, glowing, heartfelt sympathies ;
Dear feeling ! there are joys within thy sphere,
Sent from above—of heaven a foretaste here.

Thou givest pain ;—when from loved friends we
part,
Perchance divided by the hand of death ;
Or, when we, writhing 'neath the cruel smart
Of falsehood, treachery, or broken faith :
Yet still, with all these pangs thou art a bliss,
We would not change for stoic's fancied ease.

Thou yieldest pleasure, and thou causest pain,
Would'st be a curse were there no Heaven above ;
How sweet to know there is ! where, met again,
Will be the friends whom here we deeply love ;
And feeling then to purest bliss give birth,
And rapturous joys, that are denied to earth.

ANON.



FORGET THEE!

"FORGET thee?"—If to dream by night, and
 muse on thee by day;
 If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart
 can pay;
 If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Hea-
 ven's protecting power!
 If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in
 an hour;—
 If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future
 lot,
 If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed
 shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest birds forget their
 sweetest tune!
 "Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to swell
 beneath the moon!
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's
 refreshing dew!
 Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its
 "mountains wild and blue;"
 Forget each old familiar face, each long remem-
 bered spot;
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou
 shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm
 and fancy free;
 For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow
 less glad for me;
 Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not
 mine to rove,
 But let it move in humble faith, and uncomplaining
 love;
 If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail
 me not,
 Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou
 canst be forgot!

MOULTRIE.

THE SNOW DROP.

THERE is a flower, a fragile flower,
 The first-born of the early spring,
 That sheds its sweets, and blooms its hour,
 Ere summer sheds its azure wing.

Upon the earth's pure breast of snow
 The infant blossoms lowly bend,
 Pale as the maiden's cheek of woe,
 Bereft of every earthly friend.

I hail thy coming, gentle flower,
 Not simply that thou com'st alone;
 Thou'rt welcome to me as the hour
 That shines as those of youth have shone.

Fair herald of the blushing year,
 Life's messenger without its stain,
 The promised time of flowers is near,
 And earth shall yet be green again.

'Tis thine to tell of joyous spring,
 When earth unlocks its fragrant stores,
 And gentle winds are breathed to bring
 The wandering birds from distant shores.

Over the world's deep solitudes
 A bright and gladdening smile is cast,
 And if a thought of gloom intrudes,
 'Tis of the winter that is past.

ANON.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! how great soe'er
 With lowly reverence bow;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that wretched bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state,
 Enter - no crowds attend—
 Enter - no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands
 Chafing with pale thin hands
 A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound—
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

Oh ! change—oh wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod ;
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child,
In its first impression ! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a Star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and, putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively,
" Father, dear Father, God has made a Star ! "

N. P. WILLIS.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

" Oh call my brother back to me,
 I cannot play alone ;
 The summer comes with flower and bee,—
 Where is my brother gone ?

" The butterfly is glancing bright
 Across the sunbeam's track :
 I care not now to chase its flight,—
 Oh ! call my brother back !

" The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
 Around our garden tree ;
 Our vine is drooping with its load ;
 Oh ! call him back to me !"

" He would not hear my voice fair child !
 He may not come to thee ;
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,
 On earth no more thou'lt see.

" A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given !—
 Go ! thou must play alone, my boy !
 Thy brother is in Heaven."

" And has he left the birds and flowers ?
 And must I call in vain ?
 And, through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again ?

“ And by the brook and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o’er?—
 Oh ! while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more !”

HEMANS.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers !
 How beautiful they are !
 Than all that went before,
 Than all the summer store,
 How lovelier far !

And why ?— They are the LAST—
 The last !—the last !—the last !
 O, by that little word,
 How many thoughts are stirred !
 That sister of the past !

Pale flowers !—Pale perishing flowers !
 Ye’re types of precious things ;
 Types of those bitter moments,
 That flit like life’s enjoyments,
 On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
 (That time the fastest spends)
 Last tears in silence shed,
 Last words, half uttered,
 Last looks of dying friends !

Who but would fain compress
 A life into a day :
 The last day spent with one,
 Who, e'er the morrow's sun,
 Must leave us, and for aye !

O, precious, precious moments !
 Pale flowers ! ye're types of those—
 The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !
 Because, like those, the nearest
 Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! Pale perishing flowers !
 I woo your gentle breath :
 I leave the summer rose
 For younger, blither brows,
 Tell me of change and death !

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE FIRST WANDERER.

I. 6

CREATION'S Heir '—the first, the last,
 That knew the world his own,
 Yet stood he, 'mid his kingdom vast
 A fugitive—o'erthrown !—
 Faded and frail the glorious form,
 And changed the soul within,
 While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
 Told the dark secret—sin !

II.

Unaided and alone on earth,
 He bade the heavens give ear:—
 But every star that sang his birth
 Kept silence in its sphere:—
 He saw round Eden's distant steep
 Angelic legions stray;
 Alas! they were but sent to keep
 His guilty foot away!

III.

Then turn'd he reckless to his own,
 The world before him spread;—
 But Nature's was an altered tone,
 And spoke rebuke and dread.
 Fierce thunder peal and rocking gale,
 Answered the storm-swept sea,
 While crushing forests join'd the wail,
 And all said—"Cursed for thee."

IV.

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar;
 And this, the victim's cry;
 This, written in defenceless gore,
 For ever met his eye!
 And not alone each fiercer power
 Proclaim'd just heaven's decree;
 The faded leaf, the dying flower,
 Alike said—"Cursed for thee!"

V.

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
 Of life's now narrow span,
 Son's rose around in pride and strength,—
 They, too, proclaimed the ban!
 'Twas heard amid their hostile spears;
 Owned in the murderer's doom;
 Seen in the widow's silent tears;
 Felt in the infant's tomb.

VI.

Ask not the Wanderer's after fate,
 His being, birth, or name;
 Enough that all have shared his state,
 That MAN is still the same!—
 Still briar and thorn his life o'ergrow,
 Still strives his soul within,—
 And pain, and care, and sorrow show
 The same dark secret—SIN! ANON.

 MONODY ON GENIUS.

THERE is a certain pleasure in the tear
 Shed for the great, whose burning thoughts re-
 tain,
 An immortality behind him here,
 Upkindling others in the living brain,

That muses on them, even as a strain
 Forgotten, with new melody awakes,
 At some sweet song. Oh yet there doth remain
 A something which of death a glory makes,
 That withers not through age, nor changes, nor
 forsakes !

Oh! there be names that wear an halo round them,
 The beauty of whose splendour fadeth not,
 And this world's narrow limits only bound them
 In their far journey. Men and empires not,
 Proud cities fall and are the homes of — what ?
 The bittern and the serpent. Nothing can
 The name of genius from memory blot,
 Worshipp'd when first its glorious race began,
 And will the spirit haunt the last of living man ?

Oblivion's voiceless waters may not roll,
 In darkness over thee, thou gifted one ?
 For that undying flame which fired thy soul,
 Kindled in some bright region of the sun,
 Remains undimm'd behind thee. Years may run
 Their never-ceasing round, and slow decay
 Fall like a shadow t'his green earth upon,
 The heavens dissolve, the star-orbs roll away,
 All fade, except the mind's imperishable ray.

DANIEL.



THE EVENING HYMN.

How many days, with mute adieu
 Have gone down yon untrodden sky
 And still it looks as clear and blue,
 As when it first was hung on high.
 The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
 That drew the lightning in its rear,
 The thunder tramping deep and loud,
 Have left no foot-mark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
 Come softened by the distant shore;
 Though I have heard them many a time,
 They never rung so sweet before.
 A silence rests upon the hill,
 A listening awe pervades the air;
 The very flowers are shut, and still,
 And bowed, as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
 O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
 That still low voice, in silence goes,
 Which speaks alone, great God ! of thee.
 The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
 The linnet's warble, fainter grown,
 The hive-bonnd bee, the lonely rook,—
 All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night !
What are ye in your native skies ?
I know not ! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells,
For, oh ! in childhood I was taught,
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade;
All, all is mute below.

And other eves as sweet as this,
Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away ;

Until eternity is gained,
 That boundless sea without a shore,
 That without time for ever reigned,
 And will, when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
 A living semblance of the grave ;
 The dew steals noiselessly on the rose,
 The boughs have almost ceased to wave ;
 The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
 Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
 All tell from whom they had their birth,
 And cry, " Behold a God ! "

MILLER.

THEY TELL ME FRIENDSHIP'S BUT A
 FLOWER.

They tell me friendship's but a flower,
 Which fortune's sun-rays cherish ;
 And that in trouble's stormy hour,
 Its fragile sweets will perish.
 But sure that plant, of growth divine,
 Will lose its freshness never ;
 But still, in fragrant bloom, entwine
 Round faithful hearts for ever !

Then tell me not that friendship fades,
 Like ivy, summer-cherish'd,
 Its shelt'ring tendrils green it spreads,
 When cares the heart have perish'd.
 It knows no change, it feels no blight,
 No storms have power to sever ;—
 So fondly firm true hearts unite ;
 And friends are friends for ever !

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm
 The mly-breathed appeal may be,
 Though adoration wears no form
 In upraised hand or bended knee.
 One Spirit fills all boundless space
 No limit to the when or where;
 And little recks the time or place
 That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty One,
 Creator, is that worship vain
 That hails each mountain as thy throne,
 And finds an universal fane ?
 When shining stars or spungled sod
 Call forth devotion, who shall dare
 To blame, or tell thee that a God
 Will never deign to hear such prayer)

Oh ! prayer is good when many pour
 Their voices in one solemn tone,
 Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
 Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
 'Tis good to see the quiet train
 Forget their worldly joy and care,
 While loud response and choral strain
 Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
 The setting sun and closing flower :
 When silence and the gathering dark
 Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.

Lone on the hills my soul confess'd
 More rapt and burning homage there
 And served the Maker it address'd
 With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize
 Till all of life and hope he fled;
 When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
 And gently stayed the falling head—
 Then what can soothe the stricken breast,
 What solace overcome despair,
 What earthly breathing can impart
 Such healing balm as lonely prayer?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
 And many dangers gather round;
 When human aid is vain and past,
 No mortal refuge to be found—
 Then we can firmly lean on Heaven,
 And gather strength to meet and bear;
 No matter where the storm has driven,
 A saving anchor lives in prayer.

Oh, God! how beautiful the thought,
 How merciful the blest decree.
 That grace can e'er be found when sought,
 And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
 The cell may cramp, the fetters gail,
 The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
 But torture stake or prison wall
 Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom,
 In grateful joy, in trying pain.
 In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb,
 Oh ! when is prayer unheard or vain ?
 The Infinite, the King of Kings
 Will never heed the when or where,
 He'll never reject a heart that brings
 The offering of fervent prayer.

ELIZA COOK.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground, •
 World, with thy cares, away !
 Silence and darkness reign around,
 But lo ! the break of day :
 What bright and sudden dawn appears
 To shine upon this scene of tears ?

'Tis not the morning light
 That wakes the lark to sing,
 'Tis not a meteor of the night,
 Nor track of angel's wing ;
 It is an uncreated beam,
 Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time

Met for a moment here,
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
'Midst flaming hosts above,
Whose ranks stood silent while he drew,
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw—yet wist now what they saw,
And heard—no tongue can tell
What sound the ear of rapture caught,
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus, far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul
But soon her pinions tire ;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

Behold the bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay—
Heard ye the sob of parting breath ;
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
No—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers would swell our eyes ;
 Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love resumed this altered mien
 And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead—and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead—in Christ they sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And from the grave their dust shall rise
 In his own image to the skies.

MONTGOMERY.

THE BURIAL.

'Tis past—that mould of heavy hue,
 That backward rolls again,
 Hath closed from ever from our view
 The form we watched in vain !
 And cold and narrow is the place
 Where lock'd in death's abhorred embrace,
 That form must still remain ;
 Till nerve and artery, flesh and bone
 Shall be as dust, and dust alone.

And is this spot, so damp and dim,
 This dark and cheerless cell,
 Now the sole resting place of him
 Beloved so long, so well !

God ! it is painful hence 'o steer,
 And think that one so lately dear,
 In such a scene should dwell ;
 His latest garb the sod new prest,
 And the long worm his only guest.

And free the peasant's path is made,
 Across this spreading stone—
 As though the bones before him laid
 Were common as his own !
 Such might they be—but yet the mind
 Which the cold clay beneath enshrined,
 Was of no vulgar tone ;
 Nay, it was one whose light should save
 Its owner's memory from the grave.

The pulse that throbbed at pity's call,
 The hand was stretched to woe,
 The full free heart that felt for all,
 Keep motionless below !
 That cheek hath lost its rudy dye,
 And rayless rests that beaming eye,
 Where mirth was wont to glow !
 All, all, that friendship's soul could cheer,
 In loneliness must moulder here.

'Tis sad to mark that skull-decked hearse,
 That solemn pall and plume—
 The slow said-prayer, the chaunted verse,
 The coffin and its gloom !

And still what are they?—things of show,
That shed a borrowed air of woe,
About the quiet tomb;
Mere shadowy emblems, formed to scare
The pitying spirits lingering there.

Oh! if the atheist's words were true,
If those we seek to save,
—Sink—and in sinking from our view
Are lost beyond the grave!
If life thus closed—how dark and drear
Would this bewildered earth appear,
Scarce worth the dust it gave,
A tract of black sepulchral gloom
One yawning, ever opening tomb,

Blest be that strain of high belief,
More heaven like, more sublime,
Which says, that souls that part in grief,
Part only for a time
That far beyond this speck of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
There spreads a brighter clime,
Where care and toil, and trouble o'er,
Friends meet, and, meeting, weep no more.

THOMAS FURLONG,



THE VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT a varying scene is a village church yard,
 How solemn, how sad, then how gay;
 How oft has the mourner wept over its sod
 How oft has the foot of the mirthful trod
 Its paths on a festive day!

'Tis the Sabbath morn, and the pealing bell
 Tolls deep from the ivied tower;
 While the oaken porch and the neighbouring yew
 Are throng'd by the crowds who attend to renew
 Their vows at that sacred hour.

With that holy calm, that composure of soul,
 Which is joy though devoid of mirth:
 With devotion diffusing sweet peace through the
 breast,
 They hail the return of the day of rest,
 Which to them is a heaven on earth.

It is evening—and now from the turret grey
 Tolls forth a more solemn sound;
 And I see in the distance a funeral train,
 As they silently move o'er the village plain,
 To the gate of the hallow'd ground.

It was lately I stood by a sister's grave,
 My heart has not ceased to feel;
 I follow'd her corse to its holy cell,
 I wept as I listen'd her funeral knell—
 There was anguish in its peal.

And now as I join with the sorrowing band,
 I can hear the low bursting sigh ;
 'Tis the moment the beautiful prayer has been said,
 And the earth has been closed o'er the loved one
 dead—
 How deep is the agony !

But the evening is pass'd, and the mourners are
 gone,
 And the morn rises smiling and gay ;
 And now, oh how changed is the village green,
 How changed is the church-yard where sadness had
 been,
 On the eve of the Sabbath day !

On the pathway that leads to the oaken porch,
 Young maidens have strewn fresh flowers,
 And lightly steps o'er the beautiful bride,
 With the innocent gayness of rural pride,
 As blithe as in childhood's hours.

And now th' old tower rings a merry peal,
 And in many a heart there is mirth ;
 But a sigh will arise, though I smile on the maid,
 As I turn to the spot where so lately was laid
 That corse in its cold, cold earth.

For oh ! what is life ?—'tis a varying scene,
 Like a church-yard, from solemn to gay ;
 And religion alone can diffuse through the whole
 That devotional calm, which each worshiper's soul
 Enjoyed on the sabbath-day.

ANON.

PASSING AWAY,

I ASKED the stars in the pomp of night,
 Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
 Bright with beauty and girt with power,
 Whether eternity were not in their power ;
 And dirge like music stole from their spheres
 Bearing this message to mortal ears :

“We have no light that has not been given,
 We have no strength but shall soon be riven,
 We have no power wherein man may trust,
 Like him are we, things of time and dust ;
 And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
 And the song of our silence is—Passing away.”

“We shall fade in our beauty, tho’ fair and bright,
 Like lamps that have served for a festive night ;
 We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
 Like rose leaves swept by the breeze along ;
 The worshipped as Gods in the olden day,
 We shall be like a vain dream—Passing away.”

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
 From the pageant of pow’r, and the voice of mirth,
 From the mists of morn on the mountain’s brow,
 From childhood’s song, and affections vow,
 From all save that o’er which the soul bears away,
 Breathes but one record—Passing away.

Passing away,—sing, the breeze and rill,
 As they sweep on their course by vale and hill;—
 Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
 'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time—
 And man at last like his fathers grey,
 Writes in his own dust—Passing away.

MISS JEWSBURY.

HOPES OF IMMORTALITY.

O WHAT were life,
 Even in the warm and summer-light of joy,
 Without those hopes that, like refreshing gales
 At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
 Breathed from the ocean of eternity !
 —And oh ! without them who could bear the storms
 That fall, in roaring blackness, o'er the waters
 Of agitated life ! Then hopes arise
 All round our sinking soul, like those fair birds
 O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
 Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness
 And wiling us with gentle motion, on
 To some calm island ! on whose silvery strand
 Dropping at one, they fold their silent pinions,
 And as we touch the shores of paradise,
 In love and beauty walk around our feet !

WILSON.



MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a balmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft ye winds his story
 And you, ye waters, roll
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

THE day of wrath !—that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE PLACE OF REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head
 And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven
 When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven !

Faith thither lifts the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven :
 And views the tempest passing by.
 The evening shadows quickly fly
 All—all serene—in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

ANON.

REMINISCENCES.

WHEN twilight steals upon the hour,
 And over every herb and flower,
 That sweetly woos the sighing gale,
 In rushy mead or forest dale :
 A silence creeps—when nought is heard
 Save now and then that love-lorn bird,
 That wakes when others sleep, and throws
 A tuneful magic o'er the boughs.
 And all is hush'd, save chance, the tread
 Of woodman to his lowly bed,
 Wending his lone but cheerful way
 To where is seen that distant ray
 Of light from casement thrown, which tells
 Where blest with health, contentment dwells ;
 —At such an hour—such holy hour—
 Be't mine, in some far hidden bower,
 To sit with her whose rosy smile
 Could every thorn of life beguile :
 And hours should pass unheeded by,
 While I might gaze upon that eye,
 And kiss that polish'd marble brow,
 Before which kings might deign to bow.
 Oh ! I remember well, when we
 Exchanged our vows of constancy,
 When first thy tender lips confest,
 Love not a stranger to thy breast ;
 And months and almost years have pass'd
 But that blest moment's not effaced—
 A moment such as few there are
 In this wide world of woe and care—

A moment snatch'd from Time's swift wing
 To breathe a blest halcyon spring.
 That gentle sigh, which breath'd thy love
 Was wafted far to realms above—
 The sigh which has no sadness, yet
 Felt once, one never can forget—
 The sigh which tells our heart is given,
 To one dear object and to heaven.

ANON.

PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sinks the beam of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs ;
 That ear is fill'd with angel songs ;
 That arm upholds the world on high ;
 That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,—
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain,
 That power is Prayer, which soars on high,
 And feeds on bliss beyond the sky !

ANON.

TO A SISTER

ABOUT TO PARTAKE ON A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

O SISTER ! sister ! hath the memory
 Of other years no power upon thy soul,
 That thus with tearless eye thou leavest me—
 And an unfiltering voice—to come no more ?
 Hast thou forgot, friend of my better days,
 Hast thou forgot the early, innocent joys
 Of our remotest childhood, when our lives
 Were linked in one, and our young hearts bloomed
 out

I like violet bells upon the self same stem,
 Pouring the dewy odours of life's spring
 Into each other's bosom—all the bright
 And sorrowless thoughts of a confiding love.
 And intermingled vows, and blossoming hopes
 Of future good, and infant dreams of bliss,
 Budding and breathing sunnily about them,
 As crimson spotted cups, in spring time, hang
 On all the delicate fibres of the vine ?
 And where, O, where are the unnumbered vows
 We made, my sister at the twilight fall,
 A thousand times, and the still starry hours
 Of the dew glistening eve—in many a walk
 By the green borders of our native stream,
 And in the chequered shade of these old oaks—
 The moonlight silvering o'er each mossy trunk,
 And every bough, as an Æolian harp,
 Full of the solemn chaunt of the low breeze ?

G

Thou hast forgotten this—and standest here,
 Thy hand in mine, and hearest, even now,
 The rustling wood, the stir of falling leaves,
 And—hark!—the far off murmur of the brook !

Nay, do not weep, my sister!—do not speak—
 Now know I, by the tone, and by the eye
 Of tenderness, with many tears bedimmed,
 Thou hast remembered all. Thou measurest well
 The work that is before thee, and the joys
 That are behind. Now be the past forgot—
 The youthful love, the hearth light and the home,
 Song, dance, and story, and the vows—the vows
 That we change not, and part not unto death—
 Yea, all the spirits of departed bliss,
 That even now, like spirits of the dead,
 Seem dimly in the living mourner's dreams.
 And trilling, ever and anon, the notes
 Long loved of old.—O hear them, heed them not,
 Press on ! for, like the fairies of the tale,
 That mocked, unseen, the tempted traveller,
 With power alone o'er those who gave them ear,
 They would but turn thee from thy high resolve.
 Then look not back ! O, triumph in the strength
 Of an exalted purpose ! Eagle like,
 Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
 Have but an eye on God, as surely God
 Will have an eye on thee—Press on ! press on !

THATCHER



THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come :
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the
fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home,
The world o'er looks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view ;
And occupied as earnestly as she,

Though more sublimely, he o'er looks the world,
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain,
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

COWPER,



THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They fill'd one home with glee—
 Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea !

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the west
 By a dark stream is laid ;
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the lov'd of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
 Above the noble slain,
 He wrapt his colours round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with song the hearth—
 Alas for love if thou wert all,
 And nought beyond, on earth !

HEMANS.

THE POET'S WOOING.

How shall I woo thee ? not with accents wild,
 With feverish sighs, nor murmurings soft and
 mild ;

Nor oaths, nor vows, easily made and broken,
 Nor with bright gems—too earthly for love's
 token !

No—I would read to thee the burning lays
 Of the old bard who wrote in love's young days,
 The quaint romance—the heart-inspiring theme,
 That, like the influence of some pleasant dream,
 Wafts the lulled senses in some strange delight
 Far above earth—to realms all pure and bright :
 And I would tell thee how my boyhood caught

Fire from those olden lyrics, till it grew
 Into a flame—a passion, beauty fraught ;

And I too struck the chords—and echo threw
 My own wild lays, all worthless as they were,
 Into the realms of song—or praise or blame to
 share !

Thus would I woo thee ! and, when fields were
 green,
 And sunshine warm, and hedge-flowers blooming
 seen,
 Wandering the path of some green lane along,
 There would I sing some strain of quiet song
 By thee inspired — and thus our hearts should be,
 Two hearts as one — and joined by poesy.

CARPENTER.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain !
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretels a bright rising again.
 Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way:
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope in the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.

TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
 On such an eve, when such a sky
 O'er canopies the West ;
 To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
 And like an infant fall asleep
 On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
 Of endless blue tranquility :
 These clouds are living things :
 I trace their veins of liquid gold,
 I see them solemnly unfold
 Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
 Us weary children of a day—
 Life's tedious nothing o'er,—
 Where neither passions come, nor woes
 To vex the genius of repose
 On DEATH'S majestic shore

No darkness there divides the sway
 With startling dawn and dazzling day :
 But gloriously serene
 Are the interminable plains . —
 One fix'd, eternal sunset reigns
 O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear ;
 I know thy greeting is severe
 To this poor shell of clay !
 Yet come, O DEATH ! thy freezing kiss
 Emancipates ! thy rest is bliss !
 I would I were away.

GLUCK.

BURIAL CHAUNT.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown;
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear released.
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
 And borne the heavy load,
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
 To reach his blest abode;
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
 Upon his Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
 And the Holy Spirit fail;
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
 The solemn priest hath said,
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed:

But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
 Whom thou hast left behind,
 May we untainted by the world,
 As sure a welcome find ;
 May each, like thee, depart in peace
 To be a glorious guest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the hours of play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently ;
 Father, by the breeze of eve,
 Called thy harvest work to leave ;
 Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band ;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;

Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine has not leave to dwell ;
 Sailor on the darkening sea,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
 Breakest now at set of sun ;
 Woman o'er the lowly slain,
 Weeping on his burial plain ;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by the holy tie ;
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

HEMANS.

THE OCEAN.

U

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd and un-
 known.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sub-
 lime.—

The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
 alone.

BYRON.

THE NEW YEAR.

A YEAR—another year—has fled!
 Here let me rest awhile,
 As they who stand around the dead,
 And watch the funeral pile;
 This year whose breath has passed away
 Once thrill'd with life, with hope was gay!

But, close as wave is urged on wave,
 Age after age sweeps by;
 And this is all the gift we have,
 To look around—and die!
 'Twere vain to dream we shall not bend,
 Where all are hast'ning to an end.

What this new waking year, may rise,
 As yet, is hid from me;
 'Tis well, a veil, which mocks our eyes,
 Spreads o'er the days to be; —
 Such foresight who, on earth would crave,
 Where knowledge is not power to save!

It may be dark — a rising storm,
 To blast, with lightning wing,
 The bliss which cheers, — the joys that warm! —
 It may be doomed to bring
 The wish that I have reared as mine,
 A victim to an early shrine!

But — be it fair or dark — my breast
 Its hopes will not forego;
 Hope's rainbow never shines so blest
 As on the clouds of woe;
 And, seen with her phosphoric light,
 Even affliction's waves look bright!

But I must steer my bark of life
 Towards a deathless land;
 Nor need it fear the seas of strife,
 May it but reach the strand,
 Where all is peace, and angels come,
 To take the outworn wanderer home!

ANON.

EVENING.

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,
 Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow !
 Not softer on the eastern wave,
 The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all, by chance or fate, removed,
 Like spirits crowd upon the eye ;
 The few we liked—the one we loved !
 And the whole heart is memory.

And life is like a fading flower,
 Its beauty dying as we gaze ;
 Yet as the shadows round us lower,
 Heaven pours above, a brighter blaze.

When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,
 Our hope, our heart, to earth is given ;
 But dark and lonely is the eye, o
 That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

CROLY.

 SHE SLEEPS.

SHE sleeps, that still and placid sleep—
 For which the weary pant in vain ;
 And, where the dews of evening weep,
 I may not weep again ;
 Oh ! never more upon her grave
 Shall I behold the wild-flower wave !

They laid her where the sun and moon
 Look on her tomb with loving eye,
 And I have heard the breeze of June
 Sweep o'er it—like a sigh !
 And the wild river's wailing song
 Grow dirge like, as it stole along !

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,
 Of her who was a dream to me ;
 And talked to her by summer streams,
 In crowds, and on the sea—
 Till in my soul she grew enshrined,
 A young Egeria of the mind !

'Tis years ago ! — and other eyes
 Have flung their beauty o'er my youth ;
 And I have hung on other sighs,
 And sounds that seemed like truth ;
 And loved the music which they gave,
 Like that which perished in the grave.

And I have left the cold and dead,
 To mingle with the living cold !
 There is a weight around my head,
 My heart is growing old ;
 Oh ! for a refuge and a home
 With thee, dear Ellen, in thy tomb !

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
 My spirit fades before its time ;
 But they are all thine own again,
 Lost partner of their prime !
 And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,
 Than all the false and living crowd !

Rise, gentle vision of the hours,
 Which go—like birds that come not back !
 And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
 On memory's wasted track !
 Oh! for the wings that made thee blest,
 To "flee away and be at rest."

HERVEY.

FAREWELL,

THERE is a word whose faintest tone,
 Can thrill the bosom, and dispel
 The brightest dreams the heart has known—
 'Tis the wild word "Farewell," "farewell."

If this dark world can boast a bliss,
 'Tis when with kindred souls ~~w~~ dwell ;
 If there's a pang, 'tis this, 'tis this—
 When friends thus met must say "Farewell."

The sad and long neglected lute,
 Slumbers in silence, deep and long ;
 Till zephyr fans the strings so mute,
 And gives its wildest notes to song.

The Heart's the lute, so hush'd, so lone;
 Friendship, instead of Zephyr's spell,
 Awakes its fondest, sweetest tone,
 Till comes that chilling word "Farewell "

ANON.

THEY ARE NO MORE.

THEY are no more! Oh, dull and drear
 Sound those bereaving, mournful words ;
 Affliction finds no wilder tear,
 Memory no darker doom records ;
 Not in our homes—not by our side—
 Move the sweet beings we deplore,
 The hearts which love had sanctified,
 They are no more !

O ! breathes there one that hath not known
 The parting word—the dying look—
 While in the soul grief walked alone
 And every pulse with anguish shook ;
 Some cherish'd one that bless'd him there
 And past—as sunlight from the shore—
 Woe ! woe ! the young—the lov'd—the fair—
 They are no more !

The music of their lips hath fled,
 Their grace and beauty passed away ;
 Yet lives the presence of the dead
 Within our souls, as light in day !
 A fresher light shall burst the tomb,
 And all the bless'd restore ;
 Unknown those words of tears and gloom
 They are no more.

AND,

REMEMBRANCE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends;
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends.
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 -The days that are no more.

To school the little one goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms, —
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty hath lost its charms?
 Condemn'd to suffer through the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
 Before his wish'd return.
 From hard control and tyrant rules,
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 In thought he likes to roam;
 And tears will struggle in his eye
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind:
 Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
 Its consolation find?
 Then is not youth, as fancy tells,

H .

Life's summer prime of joy,
 Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd,
 And feelings blasted or betrayed,
 The fabled bliss destroyed ;
 And youth remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on ;
 But with the baseless hopes of Youth
 Its generous warmth is gone ;
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thoughts, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth ;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow ;
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
 Yet age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

SABBATH EVENING TWILIGHT.

DELIGHTFUL hour of sweet repose,
 Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!
 I love thy deep and tranquil close,
 For all the Sabbath day is there.
 Each pure desire, each high request
 That burned before the temple shrine,
 The hopes, the fears, that moved the breast,—
 All live again in light like thine.

I love thee for the fervid glow
 Thou shedd'st around the closing day,—
 Those golden fires, those wreaths of snow,
 That light and pave his glorious way!
 Through them, I've sometimes thought the eye
 May pierce the unmeasured deeps of space,
 And track the course where spirits fly,
 On viewless wings to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm,
 That slumbers on this fading scene,
 And throws its kind and soothing charm
 O'er "all the little world within."
 It trances every roving thought,
 Yet sets the roving fancy free,—
 Shuts from the soul the present out,
 That all is musing memory.

I love those joyous memories,
 That rush, with thee, upon the soul,—
 Those deep unuttered symphonies,
 That o'er the spell-bound spirit roll,

All the bright scenes of love and youth
 Revive, as if they had not fled ;
 And fancy clothes with seeming truth
 The forms she rescues from the dead.

Yet holier is thy peaceful close,
 For vows love left recorded there ;—
 This is the noiseless hour we chose
 To consecrate to mutual prayer.
 'Twas when misfortune's fearful cloud
 Was gathering o'er the brow of heaven,
 Ere yet despair's eternal shroud
 Wrapped every vision hope had given.

When these deep purpling shades came down,
 In softening tints, upon the hills,
 He swore, that whether fate should crown
 Our future course with joys or ills,—
 Whether safe moor'd in love's retreat,
 Or severed wide, by mount or sea,—
 This hour, in spirit, we would meet,
 And urge to Heaven our mutual plea.

45

O tell me if the hallowed hour
 Still find thee constant at our shrine,
 Still witnesses thy fervent prayer
 Ascending warm and true with mine !
 Faithful through every change of woe,
 My heart still flies to meet thee there :
 'Twould soothe this weary heart to know,
 That thine responded every prayer.

ARTHUR.

●
TO A WITHERED ROSE.

Poor withered Rose ! there was an hour
When all thy tints were fresh and fair,
When midst the dew enamell'd bower,
Thy fragrance left its sweetness there !

But now of all thy hues bereft
Thy opening buds, and leaflets green,
Thou scarce hast now a vestige left
To tell, alas ! what thou hast been.

And such is life,—we bloom awhile
And madly count each pleasure new
When youth can each dark hour beguile
And gild each thought with tinsel hue,
●

When manhood stern has chas'd away
With settled frown, youth's rosy train
Of pleasures—then who will not say
That man—frail Man—is born in vain.

But thou, mute emblem,—thou shalt shed
Upon my breast thy ling'ring bloom ;
And thou shalt speak as from the dead,
And thou shalt tell me of the tomb.

And when mirth hurries me away
When pleasures witching arts prevail,
Then thou shalt tell me of decay,
And whisper soft thy silent tale.

And thou shalt speak as from the tomb
 Of blighted love and honours lost,
 Yes ! thou shalt each dark woe present
 That misery loves to ponder most —

Yet why ! Oh thought, wilt thou efface
 Each joy, and deeper woes awake,
 Hence care and all thy demon race
 Proud stubborn spirit, bend or break.

ANON,

ILL-REQUITED LOVE.

TRUANT ! you love me not,—the reason this
 You told me that you loved a maid before ;
 And though perchance you many more may kiss,
 True love, once felt, can never be felt more !
 Then ask not me to credit what you swore ;
 Nor e'er believe that I can give you bliss ;
 Go ! go to her who taught you how to love ;
 Repeat to her your vows, and not to me !
 Forsooth, I think who can inconstant prove
 To his first love—will ever faithless be,
 In gaining wayward hearts no pride I see ;
 Nor have I pride, in kindling in the breast
 That meteor flame called passion : no, not I,
 That heart I aim at ; and of that possessed,
 Make it my castle, and all arts defy !
 For that once filled, no longer roves the eye,
 Say, it's not passion that for me you feel ?—

Might I but know, it would my mind relieve.
 Search then your bosom, and the truth reveal :
 Say, or you loved before, and me deceive ;
 Or never loved till now, and I'll believe !

C. Dacre.

MY WIFE.

Oh, ask me not how long thy gentle love
 Hath dwelt on me ;
 I only know 'tis long enough to prove
 Thy constancy.

I cannot pause to number months, or days,
 I know alone,
 If to be faithful be Love's highest praise,
 Thou wearest the crown.

Oh, thou hast loved me long enough to show
 Thou canst not range ;
 And long enough to bid experience know
 How others change.

Oh, long enough for the upbraiding thought,
 That ne'er till now,
 I prized thy love's rich treasure as I ought,
 My all below.

Yes, I have seen full many a dream depart
 With faithless speed ;
 And some who should have gently used my heart,
 Have made it bleed :

And I have rued Affection's broken vow,
 And felt the chill
 Of Friendship's altered eye—but, dearest, thou
 Art faithful still.

M. V. S.

GODIVA.

Nor only we, the latest seed of Time,
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel
 Cry down the past: not only we, that prate
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
 And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
 The woman of a thousand summers back.
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
 In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
 Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
 Their children, clamouring,—“If we pay, we
 starve.”

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
 His beard a foot before him, and his hair
 A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
 And prayed him,—“If they pay this tax, they
 starve.”

Whereat he started, replying, half amazed,
 “You would not let your little finger ache
 For such as these?”—“But I would die,” said she.
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
 Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;

"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
 "But prove me what it is I would not do."
 And from a heart as rough as Fau's hand,
 He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
 And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
 He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
 Made war upon each other for an hour,
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
 The hard condition; but that she would loose
 The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
 From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
 No eye look down, she passing, but that all
 Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
 Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
 The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
 She lingered, looking like a summer moon
 Half dipt in cloud! anon she shook her head,
 And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
 Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
 Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
 The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
 In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
 The deep air listened round her as she rode,
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
 Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
 Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
 Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls

Were full of chinks and holes ; -and overhead
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared • but she
 Not less through all bore up till, last she saw
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
 Gleam through the gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity ;
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
 The fatal byword of all years to come,
 Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
 Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
 Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
 And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused ;
 And she, that knew not, passed : and all at once,
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
 noon

Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
 One after one : but even then she gained
 Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crowned
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.

TENNYSON.

SYMPATHY OF AGE WITH YOUTH.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
 Of wild and careless play.
 And persuade myself that I am not old,
 And my locks are not yet gray ;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And it makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
 And they say that I am old;
 And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
 And my years are well nigh told.
 It is very true—it is very true—
 I'm old, and "I bide my time"—
 But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring;
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
 And the rush of the breathless swing.
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call;
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
 And I shall be glad to go,
 For the world at best is a weary place,
 And my pulse is beating slow;
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail—
 In treading its gloomy way;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
 To see the young so gay.

WILLIS.

THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SAJIS.

Into the Silent Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
 Who leads us with a gentle hand,
 Thither, oh, thither,
 Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection! tender moving visions
 Of beauteous souls! Eternity's own band!
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land!

O, Land! O, Land!
 For all the broken-hearted
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed,
 Into the Silent Land!

LONGFELLOW.

THE EVENING HOUR.

THIS is the hour, when memory wakes
 Visions of joy that could not last;
 This is the hour, when fancy takes
 A survey of the past !

She brings before ~~the~~ pensive mind,
 The hallowed scenes of earlier years;
 And friends who long have been consigned
 To silence, and to tears !

The few we liked ;— the ONE we loved,—
 A sacred bond ! come stealing on ;
 And many a form, far hence removed,
 And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships, that now in death are hushed,
 And young affection's broken chain ;
 And hopes, that fate too quickly crushed,
 In memory live again !

Few watch the fading beams of day,
 But muse on hopes, so quickly flown :
 Tint after tint, they die away,
 Till all at last were gone ;

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
 Her spells round joys that could not last ;
 This is the hour when memory breathes
 A sigh to pleasures past !

Mrs. C. B. WILSON.

GRATITUDE.

THE week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on;
 Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done;
 And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
 Of a new scene of being, calmly think
 Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
 As one that trembles on eternity.

So sure as this now closing week is past,
 So sure advancing Time will close my last;
 Sure as to-morrow shall the awful light
 Of the eternal morning hail my sight.
 Spirit of God! on this week's verge I stand,
 Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand
 That hand which leads me gently, kindly, still
 Up life's dark, stony, tiresome hill:

Thou, Thou in every storm hast sheltered me,
 Beneath the wing of Thy benignity;—

A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
 And I exist thy mercy's monument!

A thousand writhe upon a bed of pain—

I live—and pleasure flows through every vein;
 Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand
 I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.

How can I praise Thee, Father! how express
 My debt of reverence and of thankfulness;

A debt that no intelligence can count,
 Whose every moment swells its vast amount.

For the week's duties Thou hast given me strength,
 And brought me to its tranquil close at length;
 And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
 A fresh memorial to Thy praise.

BOWRING.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

In deep affliction's troubled hour,
When sorrow rules the breast,
And earthly soothing hath no power
To quiet its unrest—
And mirth but maketh jarring din,
Where all is heaviness within !

To thee we fly, oh God ! to thee,
When all denies relief,
And still more tremulously flee
In storms of deeper grief—
While all around to darkness turns,
Thy inward light more brightly burns.

Thy love, which passes mortal sense,
To soothe, enlighten, save—
Through life, sustaining providence—
Redemption in the grave :
Without it, life is idle breath,
Without it, terrible is death.

WILLIS.



PRAYER

I

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or unexpress'd
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

II

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near

III.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That faint lips can try
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high,

IV.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air
 His watchword at the gate of death,
 He enters heaven by prayer,

V.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays ! "

VI.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

VII.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads :
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes.

VIII.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer Thyself has trod,
Lord teach us how to pray !

MONTGOMERY.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

AGAIN the week's dull labours close ;
 The sons of toil from toil repose ;
 And fast the evening gloom descends,
 While home the weary peasant wends.
 This night his eyes, with slumber sweet,
 Shall drop their lids ; to morrow greet
 A day of calm content and rest—
 To labour's aching limbs how blest.

Now, ere I seek my peaceful bed,
 And on the pillow rest my head,
 Oh, come, my soul, and wide display
 The mercies of the week and day !
 From danger who my frame hath kept,
 While waking and what time I slept ?
 Who hath my every want supplied,
 And to my footsteps proved a guide ?

'Tis thou, my God !—to Thee belong
 Incense of praise, and hallowed song ;
 To Thee be all the glory given,
 Of all my mercies under heaven.
 From thee my daily bread and health,
 Each comfort—all my spirit's wealth,
 Have been derived ; my sins alone,
 And errings I can call my own.

Oh, when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
 And light once more shall glad these eyes,
 May I thy blessed Sabbath prove,
 A day of holy rest and love.
 May my Redeemer's praises claim
 My constant thought; the Spirit's flame
 Descend, my accents to inspire,
 And fill my soul with rapture's fire.

And when the night of death is come,
 And I must slumber in the tomb,
 Oh, then, my God, this faint heart cheer,
 And far dispel the shades of fear,
 And teach me, in thy strength, to tread
 The path which leads me to the dead,
 Assured when life's hard toils are o'er,
 Of rest with thee for evermore !

WALKER.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
 And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
 And thou must go; but never, when there,
 Forget the light of home.

Tho' pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
 It dazzles to lead astray :
 Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
 When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
 And pure as vestal fire ;
 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
 For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
 But, when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
 Then look to the light of home ; —

And there, like a star, thro' the midnight cloud,
 Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;
 For never, till shining on thy shroud,
 Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild thy name ;
 But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
 And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
 Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
 Should life's wretched wanderer come !
 But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
 Then turn to the light of home.

HALE.



EVENING PRAYER,

AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour— the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young
 heads,
 With all their clust'ring locks, untouched by
 care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in
 prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely!— childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and
 meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine
 wrought?
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done
 As birds with slumber's honey dew oppress,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled
springs

Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the
wings

Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;
Yet in those lute-like voices mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's
hour,

And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray !

Her lot is on you—to be found untired .

Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek and yet a brow inspired
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain :
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh ! to love thro' all things—therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery
light,

On through the dark days fading from their
prime,

As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight !
Earth will forsake— O ! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

HERMANS.

L I N E S .

How strange the thoughts which sometimes creep
 Across the mind when lull'd in sleep!
 How often will the friends of youth—
 The friends we loved with fondness, truth—
 Who through weak childhood's early years
 Have sooth'd our sorrows, calm'd our fears,
 And boyhood's inexperience led,
 But long since number'd with the dead—
 Appear before us then, as though
 They still were sojourners below ;
 Recalling times long past and flown,
 O'er which oblivion's veil is thrown ;
 And which our waking thoughts, though fain,
 Would strive to represent in vain ;
 'Tis strange, indeed ! and must it be,
 That this is mock reality ?
 Oh, may not they whom still we love,
 Though gone, regard us from above
 With care unceasing, faithful, true,
 The first at the last rendezvous ;
 And deign alone to cross the mind
 Then, when, from worldly dross refined.
 In silent sleep—in slumber still—
 They mould our fancies to their will ?
 Oh yes !—at least 'tis sweet to think
 There may be some mysterious link,
 Some secret, sympathetic thread
 Between the living and the dead ;

Tho' dead to us, by destined doom,
 But who survive beyond the tomb,
 And feel a joy, unmix'd with pain,
 In that bright thought, "We meet again."

But should philosopher or sage "
 Be so far read in nature's page,
 As unrelentless to destroy
 This fabric of cherish'd joy,
 And sternly cruel to declare
 "Such things are not,"—my fancy spare !
 Then will I never farther look,
 Then self-deluded close the book,
 Nor seek that wisdom to obtain
 Which changes joy, though false, to pain :
 And, oh ! may my delusion last
 Till all uncertainty be past !

SIR W. SOMERTON, BART.

LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GFIRLF.

You ask me, fair-haired maiden,
 Why my lips their silence keep !—
 'Tis because true love is lying,
 Love is lying,
 In my heart so still and deep.

Does the flame bring out in singing
 When it soareth to the sky,

Its wings outspreading high and red,
 So high and red,
 Yet silently !

The rose, too, makes no speeches
 When her blossoms ope in light ;
 She glows and breathes in silence through,
 In silence through,
 The summer night.

And so my love is living
 Since you gave yourself to me ;
 It glows and blooms for ever,
 Blooms for ever,
 So quietly !

ANON.

THE WATERFALL.

I LOVE the roaring waterfall,
 Within some deep, romantic glen ;
 'Midst desert wild, remote from all
 The gay and busy haunts of men ;
 For its loud thunders sound to me
 Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
 And beings that have passed away,
 Who sought, perhaps, with curious eye,
 These rocks where now I love to stray ;
 And thus its thunders sound to me
 Like voices from eternity.

And from the past, they seem to call
 My spirit to the realms beyond
 The ruin that must soon befall
 These scenes, were grandeur sits enthron'd :
 And thus its thunders sound to me
 Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
 That whuls me rapidly away,
 For morn to eve—from eve to morn—
 From month to month— from day to day :
 And all that live and breathe with me
 Are hurrying to eternity !

This mighty cataract's thundering sound,
 In louder thunders soon must die :
 And all these rugged mountains round,
 Uprooted must in ruin lie :
 But that dread hour will prove to me
 The dawning of eternity !

Eternity ! that vast unknown !
 Who can that deep abyss explore,
 Which swallows up the ages gone,
 And rolls its billows evermore ?
 O, may I find that boundless sea,
 A bright, and blest eternity !

RAFFLES.

, H O M E .

Home of my youth ; though thy pleasant shades
 I never more may see ;
 And many years have pass'd away
 Since last I gazed on thee :

Yet Memory fondly loves to trace
 Each well remembered scene,
 And lingers, as in childhood's hours,
 Among thy meadows green,

Again I see the verdant mead,
 Bespread with early flowers;
 And hear the song of the young birds
 In the dark leafy bowers.

The gushing river murmuringly,
 And e'en the old oak tree,—
 Oh ! o'er them all there is a spell,
 Which chains my soul to thee.

For I have been in other lands,
 Have trod Imperial Rome ;
 Yet even midst the glories there
 I sigh'd to think of Home.

Yet now what would I there ! alas !
 All whom I prized are gone ;
 And cold and distant those dear forms,
 I lov'd to look upon.

And ye, mine infant playmates too,—
 Oh ! 'twas a happy time,
 When we roam'd through the sunny fields
 In our young joyous prime —

Where are ye now ? some sunk to rest,
 And others far away ;
 And many long ere now have found,
 Their once bright hopes decay.

Yet still in that beloved spot,
 Where our young hours were pass'd,
 In vain would wander once again,
 And linger till the last.

Oh ! 'twould be sweet, when life declines,
 And I no more can roam,
 At last to close my weary eyes,
 Amidst the scenes of Home !

ANON.

A DIRGE.

Now is done thy long day's work ;
 Fold thy palms across thy breast,
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
 Let them rave.
 Shadows of the silver birk
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;
 Nothing but the small cold worm
 Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;
 Ghaunteth not the brooding bee
 Sweeter tones than calumny ?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
 From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee,
 The woodbine and eglare,
 Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Round the blow, self-pleached deep,
 Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
 And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
 Through the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

The gold eyed kingcups fine ;
 The frail bluebell peereth over.
 Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.

Let them rave

Kings have no such couch as thine,
 As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there ;
 God's great gift of speech abused
 Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave

The balm cricket carols clear
 In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

TENNYSON.

TO A LADY IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Such age, how beautiful ! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
 By favouring Nature and a saintly mind
 To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood ; when e'er thou meet'st my
 sight,

When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
 And head that droops because the soul is meek.
 Thee with the welcome snow drop I compare ;
 That child of winter prompting thoughts that climb
 From desolation toward the genial prime ;
 Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,
 And filling more and more with crystal light,
 As pensive evening deepens into night.

WORDSWORTH.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the Ocean isle !

Where sleep your mighty Dead ?
 Show me what high and holy pile
 Is reared o'er Glory's bed.
 Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
 By the pyramid o'erseyed,
 With fearful power the noonday reigns,
 And the palm trees yield no shade :
 But let the angry sun
 From heaven look fiercely red,
 Unfelt by those whose fight is done !
 There slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might
 Along the Indian shore
 And far, by Gunga's banks at night,
 Is heard the tiger's roar :
 But let the sound roll on !
 It hath no tone of dread
 For those that from their toils are gone ?—
 There slumber England's Dead.

The mountain storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees,
 And toss the pine boughs through the sky.
 Like rose-leaves on the breeze :

But let the storm rage on !
 Let the forest wreathes be shed !
 For the Roncesvalles' fields, won,—
 There slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour
 When round the ship the ice fields close
 To chain her with their power .
 But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold blue desert spread !
 Their course with mast and flag is done—
 There slumber England's Dead,

The warlike of the isles !
 The men of field and wave ;
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave ?
 Go, stranger, track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wind may not rove, nor billow sweep,
 Where rest not England's Dead.

HEMANS.

ODE TO SPRING.

Now Spring returns, but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known ;
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are frown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop or in their course arrest;
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams pre-^{age}age approaching fate;
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe!
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore;
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
 Where Melancholy with still silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut those weary aching eyes;
 Rest in the hope of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn
 . arise.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Like summer eve, when sunlight throws
 A beauteous parting ray around ;
 And silent shades in peace repose
 Upon the soft and dewy ground.

As still, as peaceful, and serene,
 Is the last ray when life is done ;
 When Hope's bright beam, smiles o'er the scene
 Which saw a glorious race begun.

What though around his couch may fall
 The dewdrops from kind pity's eye ;
 The happy spirit smiles on all,
 And shines upon another sky,

Oh ! such is life, whose parting ray
 Throws lustre on a world of sorrow ;
 For as its brightness dies away,
 There's promise of a glorious morrow.

WEIR.

**SHE SLEEPS THAT STILL AND PLACID
SLEEP.**

SHE sleeps—that still and placid sleep—
For which the weary pant in vain ;
And where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again ;
Oh ! never more upon her grave,
Shall I behold the wild flower wave.

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb with loving eye,
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh !
And the wild rivers wailing song
Grew dirge like, as it stole along.

And I have dreamt in many dreams,
Of her—who was a dream to me,
And talk'd to her, by summer streams,
In crowds, and on the sea—
Till in my soul the queen enshrined,
A young Egeria of the mind.

'Tis years ago, and other eyes
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth,
And I have hung on other sighs
And sounds that seem'd like truth—
And loved the music which they gave,
Like that which perished in the grave.

And I have left thee cold and dead,
 To mingle with the living cold,—
 There is a weight around my head,
 My heart is growing old!—
 Oh! for a refuge and a home!
 With thee, dear Ellen, in thy tomb!

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
 My spirit fades before its time,
 But they are all thine own again,
 Lost partner of their prime!
 And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,
 Than all the false and living crowd!

Rise gentle vision of the hours,
 Which go,—like birds that come not back
 And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
 On memory's wasted track!—
 Oh! for the wings that made thee blest,
 To "flee away and be at rest."

T. K. HERVEY.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,
 And earth in his Maker's smile awakes;
 His light on all below, above,
 The light of gladness the light of love.
 Oh then, on the breath of the early air,
 Send upward the influence of grateful prayer.

To prayer ;—for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on,
 Like a curtain from Heaven's high hand it flows,
 To shade the couch where his children repose ;
 Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the guardian of
 night.

To prayer ;—for the day that God has blest,
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest ;
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the prince who burst the tomb ;
 Then summons the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

ANON.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

A ROSEBUD opening, pearled with morning dew,
 Through the young foliage glancing, light and
 free,
 A gentle fountain gushing joyously
 O'er the green sward—a bright star in the blue
 Of the still heavens, or beacon on the sea ;
 These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours !
 Fair promise of Time's yet unmeasured space ;
 But be thy bloom more durable than the flower's !
 Thine all that fountain's purity and grace !
 And may no blight fall on their hopes, who trace
 Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine !
 Be thou the star-light of their day's decline,
 Waking unearthly dreams. O may'st thou be
 All I would fondly deem—all they would picture
 thee !

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end !
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
 Beyond this vale of death,—
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affection transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

1)

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away ;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

THERE IS A VOICE.

THERE is a voice in the western breeze,
 As it floats o'er spring's young roses,
 Or sighs among the blossoming trees.
 Where the spring of love reposes :
 It tells of the joys of the pure and young,
 Ere they wander life's wildering paths among.

There is a voice in the summer gale,
 Which breathes amid regions of bloom,
 Or murmurs soft, through the dewy vale,
 In moonlight's tender gloom :
 It tells of hope unblighted yet—
 And of hours that the soul can ne'er forget !

There is a voice in the autumn blast,
 That wafts the falling leaf.
 When the glowing scene is falling fast—
 For the hour of bloom is brief :
 It tells of life—its sure decay—
 And of earthly splendours that pass away !

There is a voice in the wintry storm,
 • For the blighting spirit is there,
 Breathing o'er every vernal charm,
 O'er all that was bright and fair ;
 It tells of death as it moans around,
 And the lonely hall returns the sound.

And there's a voice—a small still voice,
 That comes when the storm's past—
 It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice
 In the haven of peace at last :
 It tells of joys beyond the grave,
 And of Him who died the world to save.

WARR.

ADONIS SLEEPING.

In midst of all there lay a sleeping youth,
 Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face reposed
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed.
 By tenderest passion, a faint damask mouth,
 To slumbering pout; just as the coming south
 Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal; and round him grew
 All tendrils green of every form and hue,
 Together intertwined and trammelled fresh :
 The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
 Shading its Ethiop berries: and woodbine
 Of velvet leaves, the bugle-blooms divine.

Hard by
 Stood serene cupids, watching silently,
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touched his strings,
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings :
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber; while another took
 A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

KFATS.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
 And fast she leaves the lessening land,
 And from the shore the last farewell
 Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
 And weeping eyes are on the main
 Until its verge she wanders o'er ;—
 But from that hour of parting pain,
 Oh ! she was never heard of more !

When on her wide and trackless path
 Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
 Say, sank she 'mid the bending wrath
 Of racking cloud and rolling sea ?
 Or—where the land but mocks the eye—
 Went drifting on a fatal shore ?
 Vain guesses all ! ● Her destiny
 Is dark !— she ne'er was heard of more !

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
 From glowing orb to crescent wan,
 'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,
 * Since from her port that ship hath gone ;
 But ocean keeps its secret well :
 And though we know that all is o'er,
 No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
 Her fate : — she ne'er was heard of more !

Oh ! were her tale of sorrow known,
 'Twere something to the broken heart ;
 The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
 And Fancy's dreams would then depart.
 It may not be : — there is no ray
 By which her doom we may explore ;
 We only know—she sailed away,
 And ne'er was seen or heard of more !

JOHN MALCOLM.

THE LOST STAR.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,
 A star has left its sphere ;
 The beautiful—and do they die
 In yon bright world as here ?
 Will that star leave a lonely place,
 A darkness on the night ?—
 No ; few will miss its lowly face
 And none think heaven less bright !

What wert thou star of?—vanished one !
 What mystery was thine ?
 Thy beauty from the east is gone :
 What was thy sway and sign ?
 Wert thou the star of opening youth ?
 And is it then for thee,
 Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
 So early cease to be !

Of Hope?—and was it to express
 How soon hope sinks in shade;
 Or else of human loveliness,
 To sigh how it will fade?
 How was thy dying like the song,
 In music to the last,
 An echo flung the winds among,
 And then for ever past?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
 The fair moon renders vain?
 The rest shine forth the next dark night,
 Thou didst not shine again.
 Didst thou fade gradual from the time
 The first great curse was hurled,
 Till lost in sorrow and in crime,
 Star of our early world.

Forgotten and departed star!
 A thousand glories shine
 Round the midnight's regal car,
 Who then remember thine?
 Save when some mournful bard like me
 Dreams over beauty gone.
 And in the fate that waited thee,
 Reads what will be her own.

L. E. L.



THE VESPER BELL.

HARK! 'tis the vesper bell
 Far pealing from the shore,—
 Oh, welcome are the tones that tell
 Of ocean wanderings o'er!
 They hail us from the homeless main
 To earth's great family again.

Sad—solemn—and sublime,
 Above the waters swung,
 Rolls on that awful voice of Time,
 Tolloed from his iron tongue—
 And every deep and sullen boom
 Seems like an echo from the tomb.

Lorn as a distant knell
 O'er Friendship's passing bier,—
 Or accents of a far farewell
 From many a vanished year;
 * Awakened with its mournful voice
 The memory of departed joys.

It brings the dream of home,—
 Of sweet sequestered bowers,—
 Of shades through which I loved to roam
 And still and starry hours;
 Of music heard at fall of day,
 Over the seas and far away.

Of hall and social hearth —

Of love walks 'neath the tree,—
When day departed from the earth,
Was buried in the sea;
And beating breast and blushing cheek,
Revealed what maiden may not speak,

Of Sabbath's holy calm —

Orisons daily said,
In temples where the choral Psalm
Died o'er the silent dead,—
And to each hallelujah gave
Response—the echoes of the grave.

Oft have I paused to hail,

Amid my own loved land,
The vesper chime o'er hill and dale
Float downward to the strand, ;
And melt above the summer sea,
As now its magic falls on me. ●

And thus its dying strain,

Above the waters cast,
Thrills o'er the dark, mysterious chain
That links me to the past—
And from the dim and distant shore,
Speaks to my heart of days of yore.

JOHN MALCOLM,



WHEN THOU ART ROAMING.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming
 Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
 Where past the eddying stream is foaming
 Beneath its tiny cataract—
 Where I with thee was wont to talk—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh !

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in the light the fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew—
 Then be thou melancholy too,
 When musing on the hours I proved
 With thee, beloved !

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear,
 And soft the woodland songs are swelling
 A choral anthem on thine ear,
 Think—for that hour thy thought is dear !
 And then her flight Remembrance wings
 To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest—
 In every scene—by day—by night—
 Thou present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star, for ever bright !
 My solitary, sole delight !
 Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea,
 I think of thee !

MOIR.

THE BRIDE.

Lo ! when she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her besceims, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been
 Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
 And being crowned with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did you see
 So fair a creature in your town before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and Virtue's store ?
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires, shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like a bowl of cream uncrudded,
 Her paps like lilies budded.

Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
 And all her body like a palace fair,
 Ascending up with many a stately stair
 To Honor's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze?
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whilst ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo
 ring.

But if ye saw that which no eye can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spirit,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more, than, would ye wonder at the sight,
 And stand astonished, like to those which read
 Medusa's amaze-ful head.
 There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild Modesty.
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 To which the basest affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her will;
 No thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seen these, her celestial treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your echo
 ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love;
 Open them wide that she may enter in;
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,

And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 That cometh in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She cometh in before th' Almighty's view.
 Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience
 When so ye come into those holy places
 To humble your proud faces,
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whilst, with hollow throats,
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo
 ring.

SPENSER.

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A DIRGE.

Weep not for her ! she was far too fair,
 Too pure to dwell on this guilt stained earth,
 The sinless glory and the golden air
 Of Zion, seemed to claim her from her birth,
 A spirit wandering from its native zone
 Which, soon discovering, took her for its own,
 Weep not for her !

L.

Weep not for her ! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and
bright

Like flowers that know not what it is to die,
Like lone linked shadeless months of polar
light,

Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake,
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! she died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues,
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant
dews,

Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,
Her wine of life was not run to the lees:
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! By fleet or slow decay
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
If prospects wither, and her hopes grow dark
Translated by her God, with spirit shaven,
She passed, as 'twere on smiles, from earth to
heaven :

Weep not for her

Weep not for her ! It was not her's to feel
The miseries that corrode & amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears,

As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's
 tree
 And on earth's wintry world alone to be :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! She is an angel now,
 And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
 All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
 No sorrow, sadness, banished from her eyes,
 Victorious over death, to her appears
 The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! Her memory is the shrine
 Of pleasant thoughts soft as the scent of
 flowers,
 Calm as, on windless eve, the sun's decline,
 Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
 Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
 Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! There is no cause of woe,
 But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
 Unhinking o'er the thorny path below,
 And from earth's low defilements keep thee
 back,
 So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
 She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee
 on ;
 . . . Weep not for her !

Morn.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say,
 " I am content to die, — but, Oh ! not now ! —
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing ;
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
 wreath.

Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow ;
 I am content to die,—but, Oh ! not now !"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time !
 The season's viewless boundary is past ;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime ;
 Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?
 " Let me not perish while, o'er land and sea,
 With silent steps the lord of light moves on ;
 Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone !
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow !
 I am content to die, — but, Oh ! not now ?"

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn ;
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo ! and winds his eager horn.

" Spare me a while to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant thro' the fading trees with ruddy gleam !
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow ;
 I am content to die,—but, Oh ! not now ? "

The bleak wind whistles ! snow showers far and
 near,

Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;
 Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound !
 Yet still that prayer ascends. " Oh ! laugh-
 ingly

My little brothers round the warm hearth
 crowd,
 Our home fire blazes broad, and bright and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud :
 Spare me a while ! raise up my drooping brow !
 I am content to die,—but, Oh ! not now !

The spring is come again—the joyful spring !

Again the banks with clustering flowers are
 spread ;

The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing :—

The child of earth is numbered with the dead,
 Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice pane :
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow :
 Why, didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now.

C. E. S. NORTON.

THE ADIEU.

We'll miss her at the morning hour,
 When leaves and eyes unclose ;
 When sunshine calls the dewy flower
 To waken from repose ;
 For like the singing of a bird,
 When first the sun beams fall,
 The gladness of her voice was heard
 The earliest of us all.

We'll miss her at the evening time,
 For then her voice and lute
 Best loved to ring some sweet old rhyme,
 When other sounds were mute.
 Twined round the ancient window-seat,
 While she was singing there,
 The jasmine from outside would meet,
 And wreath her fragrant hair.

We'll miss her when we gather round
 Our blazing hearth at night,
 When ancient memories abound,
 Or hopes where all unite ;
 And pleasant talk of years to come—
 Those years our fancies frame,
 Ah ! she has now another home.
 And bears another name.

Her heart is not with our old hall,
 Not with the things of yore :
 And yet, methinks, she must recall
 What was so dear before.
 She wept to leave the fond roof where
 She had been loved so long,
 Though glad the peal upon the air,
 And gay the bridal throng.

Yes, memory has honey cells,
 And some of them are ours,
 For in the sweetest of them dwells
 The dream of early hours,
 The hearth, the hall, the window seat,
 Will bring us to her mind;
 In yon wide world she cannot meet
 All that she left behind.

Loved, and beloved, her own sweet will
 It was that made her fate :
 She has a fancy home—but still
 Our own seems desolate
 We may not wish her back again,
 Not for her own dear sake :
 Oh ! love, to form one happy chain,
 How many thou must break !

L. E. L.



